MARVEL COMICS

OCT. '97 1

MIB

MEN IN BLACK™

CUNNINGHAM
WHIGHAM
MOY
NICHOLS

THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF THE HIT FILM!

DIRECT EDITION
00111
7 59606 01076 9
$3.99 US $5.60 CAN

Stan & Lee

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION
OF THE HIT FILM

BASED ON THE SCREEN STORY & SCREENPLAY BY
ED SOLOMON

LOWELL CUNNINGHAM
WRITER/CREATOR OF MIB

ROD WHIGHAM
PENCIL ART

PHILIP MOY&ART NICHOLS
INK ART

MATT WEBB
COLOR ART

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY
LETTERS

THANKS TO JACK *WESTERKAMP.CINDY LIN*
&MARK CAPLAN AT SONY SIGNATURES

JULIO SOTO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

TIM TUOHY
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

MR. JONES MR. SMITH

PROTECTING
THE EARTH
FROM THE
SCUM OF
THE UNIVERSE.

MIB™

MEN IN BLACK

COLUMBIA PICTURES AMBLIN ENTERTAINMENT
MACDONALD/PARKES BARRY SONNENFELD TOMMY LEE JONES WILL SMITH MEN IN BLACK LINDA FIORENTINO VINCENT D'ONOFRIO RIP TORN
STEVEN MUEL RICK BAKER INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC DANNY ELFMAN JIM MILLER BOB WEICK DON PETERMAN
GRAHAM PLACE STEVEN SPIELBERG LOWELL CUNNINGHAM ED SOLOMON WALTER F. PARKES LAURIE MACDONALD BARRY SONNENFELD
COLUMBIA PICTURES

TEXAS, JUST NORTH OF THE MEXICO BORDER.
STUPID BUGS!
SPLAT!
UH-OH!
UH... HELLO, OFFICERS. JUST BEEN FLY FISHING IN CUERNAVACA.
SURE YOU WERE. WHAT SAY WE HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR CATCH? ‹EVERYBODY OUT! LET'S GO! FORM A LINE!›*
INS
INS
* TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH. --TIM
WHAT TH--!?
SCREECH!
INS DIVISION SIX. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
DIVISION 6? THERE'S NO DIVISION 6.
OH, REALLY?
INS

MEN IN BLACK™: THE MOVIE Published by MARVEL COMICS, David J. Schreff, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Shirrel Rhoades, Executive VP, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Copyright © 1997 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $3.99 per copy in the U.S. and $5.60 in Canada. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MEN IN BLACK is a trademark of Lowell Cunningham and is used with permission. Printed in the U.S.A.

INS
(WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES. LOOKING FOR WORK? GOOD LUCK.)
(YOU DON'T SPEAK A WORD OF SPANISH DO YOU, FRIEND? WHY DON'T I BREAK YOUR FACE?)
WE HAVE A WINNER. (THE REST OF YOU-- SCRAM!)
SIR!
DON'T "SIR" ME! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH! JUST KEEP ON PROTECTING US FROM DANGEROUS ALIENS.
I THINK YOU JUMPED OFF THE BUS IN THE WRONG PART OF TOWN, AMIGO.
SHIK!
IN FACT, I'LL BET DOLLARS TO PESOS THAT YOU'RE NOT FROM ANYWHERE NEAR HERE!

MIKEY? DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY TREATY ARTICLES YOU'VE JUST VIOLATED?
SQUARKO!?
THAT DOES IT! PUT UP YOUR ARMS--AND ALL YOUR FLIPPERS.
OH MY GOD!!
NOW WHAT?
GRRAAARRRR!

FA-WOOM!
WHAT IS GOING ON?! WHO ARE YOU, REALLY?
REALLY? I'M JUST A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION.
GOD, WE'RE A GULLIBLE BREED.
FASH!

NEW YORK CITY, SOME TIME LATER.
STOP! NYPD! DON'T MAKE ME MAD!
SPOW!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
YOU GET BACK HERE!
NOOOO!
HE'S COMING! HE'S COMING! YOUR WORLD IS GOING TO DIE!
QUIT YABBING! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE HERE!?
HE'S COMING! HE'S COMING BECAUSE I FAILED, AND NOW HE'LL KILL ME TOO!
HANG ON!
HE'LL KILL ME WITH PAAAAAIIIIIIN!

PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS.
OUT, EDWARDS! DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO MAKE SENSE!
I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S THE HONEST TRUTH! THE GUY HAD THESE BIG TALONS AND SOME KINDA RAY GUN!
I GOTTA LEARN TO QUIT WHILE I'M NOT TOO FAR BEHIND...
PSST! LAUREL WEAVER. DEPUTY MEDICAL EXAMINER. I BELIEVE YOU. I OPENED HIM UP. I CAN'T TALK NOW. FIND ME AT THE WEST SIDE MORGUE.
HEY... WAIT A MINUTE!
GOTTA GO. BY THE WAY, YOU HAVE PRETTY EYES.
DR. WEAVER?
YES.
FASH!
HOLD UP, SPEED DEMON. READ YOUR REPORT. YOU JUST CAUGHT YOURSELF A SIGNOID ASSASSIN.
MAN, YOU SOUND CRAZIER THAN I DO!
THE FIREARM. RECOGNIZE IT IF YOU SAW IT?
ABSOLUTELY.
LET'S TAKE A RIDE.

WHOEVER YOU'RE WITH, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT THAT WELL FUNDED... UNLESS YOU CONSIDER THE '86 FORD A CLASSIC.
NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS.
WHICH MEANS YOU'RE NOT A GUY WHO'S BEEN DOING WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO FOR WAY TOO LONG. 'CAUSE YOU SURE SEEM LIKE ONE.
JEEB
PAWN SHOP
WHATEVER. WE'RE HERE.
WE'RE GOING HERE? AND SHAKE DOWN A TWO-BIT FENCE LIKE JACK JEEBS?
JEEB
YUP.
HEY! OFFICER EDWARDS!
GOIN' SOMEPLACE?
GULP! H-HIYA, KAY.
DON'T LIE TO ME, JEEBS. WHERE DO YOU HAVE THE TOYS.
WHAT TOYS?
HE'LL DO IT, JEEBS! I WOULDN'T LIE TO THE MAN!
I'M GOING TO COUNT TO THREE.
OH, PLEASE! NOT AGAIN...

BZZZAT!
THREE.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU...
KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, JUNIOR. WATCH.
WHAT TH--
DON'T DO THAT! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH THAT STINGS?

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO SCREW AROUND, JEEBS! NOW SHOW ME THE TOYS OR I'LL SHOOT YOU WHERE IT WON'T GROW BACK!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY, KAY.
FLIP!
FLIP!
FLIP!
THIS. THIS IS WHAT I SAW.
YOU SOLD A REVERBERATING CARBONIZER WITH MUTATE CAPACITY TO AN UNLICENSED QUADRISPINE?
HE LOOKED ALL RIGHT TO ME.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN FOR A HIT. WHO'S THE TARGET?
I DON'T KNOW. I SWEAR TO GOD, I DON'T KNOW!
CONFISCATED. EVERYTHING.
COME ON, SPORT. BET YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR A LITTLE HANDLE ON THE MOMENT. SOME WAY TO FILE IT AWAY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.
OH... MAN, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE. I'M GONNA REMEMBER THIS FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.
REALLY? EVER SEE ONE OF THESE?
FASH!

--AND THE WIFE SAYS YEAH, HARRY, I KNOW, BUT THIS ONE'S EATING MY POPCORN!
HUH?
WHOOPS. GOTTA RUN. THANKS FOR THE EGG ROLLS.
WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING?
K
SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT TEQUILA? YOU'RE A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN, JAMES EDWARDS. SEE YOU TOMORROW, NINE A.M. SHARP. BE THERE OR BE SQUARE.
ANOTHER BEER?
COFFEE, PLEASE.
MiB
HMMM...

MEANWHILE, A FARM SOMEWHERE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK.
YOU'RE USELESS, BEATRICE! THE ONLY THING THAT PULLS ITS WEIGHT AROUND HERE IS MY TRUCK!
SKE-RASH!
FIGURES.
WHAT IS IT, EDGAR?!
GET YOUR BIG BUTT BACK IN THAT HOUSE, BEATRICE!
PLACE PROJECTILE WEAPON ON GROUND.
YOU CAN HAVE MY GUN WHEN YOU PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD FINGERS!
GYAAAAH!
YOUR PROPOSAL IS ACCEPTABLE.

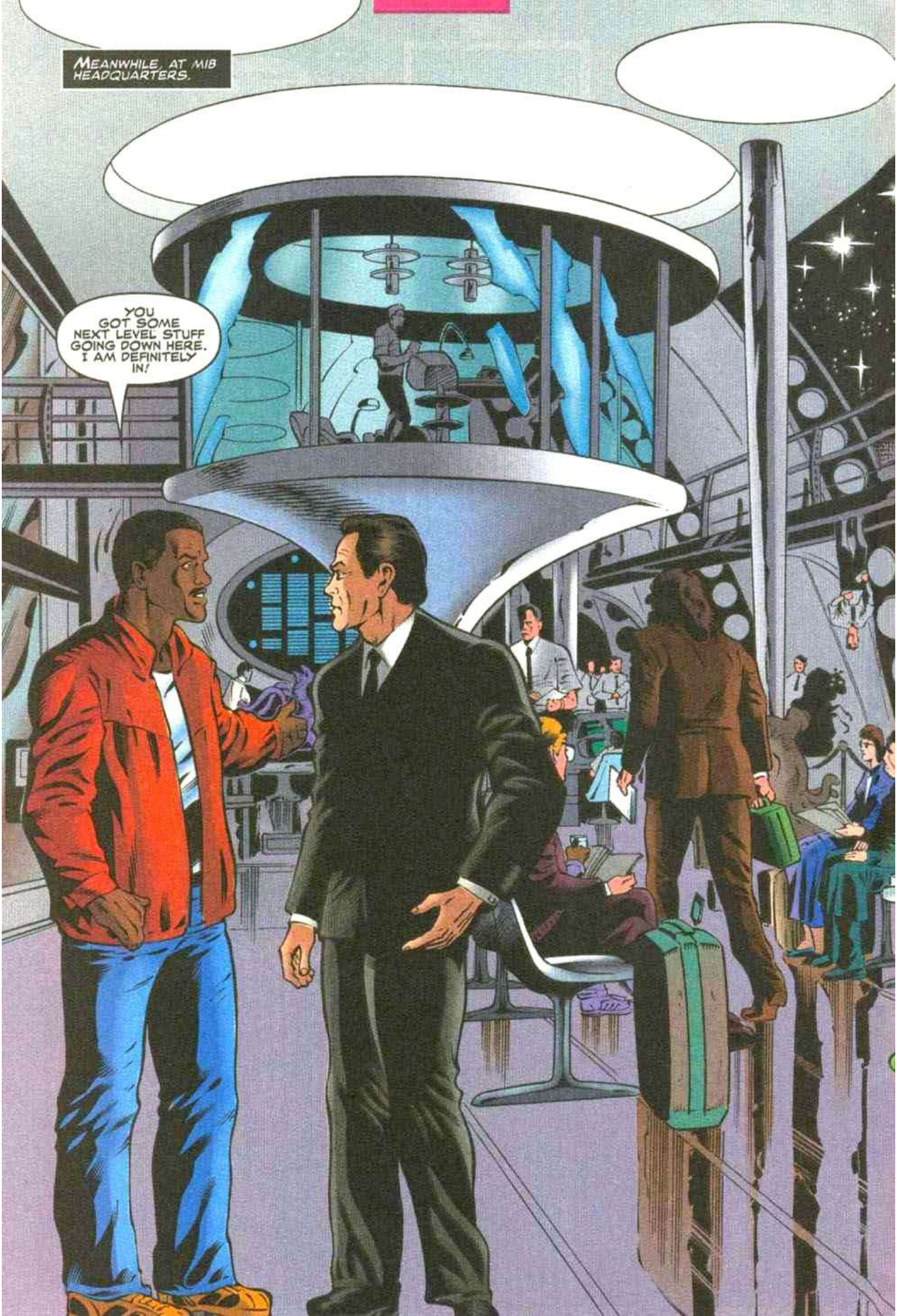
504 BATTERY DRIVE, SATURDAY MORNING, 9:00 AM
EDWARDS, YOU'RE LATE. SIT DOWN.
MY NAME IS ZED. YOU'RE ALL HERE BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST OF THE BEST. AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE BEST OF THE BEST OF THE BEST.
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, EDWARDS?
I--I DON'T KNOW, SIR. IT JUST STRUCK ME AS--HUMOROUS. SIR.
OKAY. LET'S GET GOING.
YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE?
LOOKING FOR THE BEST OF THE BEST OF THE BEST!!
WELL, YEAH, I KNOW...

A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER A BATTERY OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TESTS...
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!

LIGHTS! WHAT HAPPENED, EDWARDS?
MAY I ASK WHY YOU FELT LITTLE TIFFANY DESERVED TO DIE?
HESITATED, SIR.
SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTUALLY SEEMED DANGEROUS. THE OTHERS WERE JUST DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY. BUT, "LITTLE TIFFANY" HAS A BOOK ON QUANTUM PHYSICS. DO I OWE HER AN APOLOGY.
HE'S GOT A REAL PROBLEM WITH AUTHORITY.
SO DO I. THE GUY RAN DOWN A CEPHLAPOID ZED ON FOOT. TENACITY THAT I CAN USE.
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

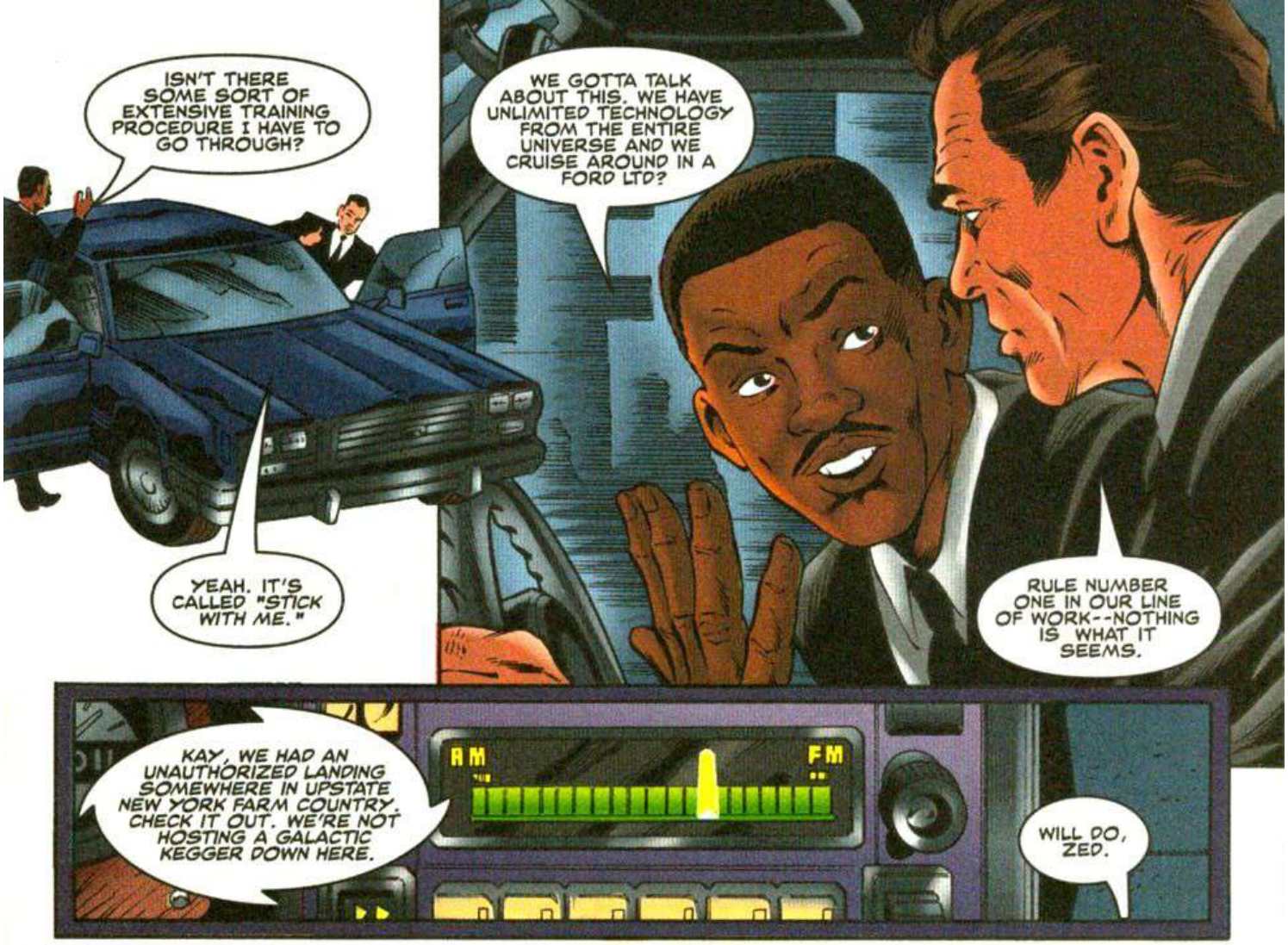
EDWARDS, YOU'RE WITH ME. THE REST OF YOU, PLEASE GIVE YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO ZED.
HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
BACK IN THE MID-FIFTIES, THE GOVERNMENT STARTED AN AGENCY WITH THE SIMPLE AND LAUGHABLE PURPOSE OF MAKING CONTACT WITH A RACE NOT OF THIS PLANET.
FASH!
EVERYBODY THOUGHT THE AGENCY WAS A JOKE. EXCEPT THE ALIENS. THEY MADE CONTACT ON MARCH 2ND, 1961, OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY.
THEY WERE INTERGALACTIC REFUGEES WHO ASKED TO USE EARTH AS A SAFE ZONE FOR BEINGS WITHOUT A PLANET. WE AGREED AND MASKED ALL EVIDENCE OF THEIR LANDING.
THE 1964 WORLD'S FAIR WAS A COVERUP?
WHY ELSE HOLD IT IN QUEENS?
WELL, THANKS FOR THE VERY AMUSING MORNING, BUT I'M HOPIN' YOU'LL SHOW ME WHERE I CAME IN? 'CAUSE THIS IS WHERE I GO OUT.
YEAH, SURE, HANG ON, I WANNA GRAB A COFFEE. HEY, GUYS, HOW'S IT GOING?
SO, YOU IN OR OUT? YOU GOT UNTIL SUN-UP TO DECIDE.
IS IT WORTH IT?
YOU FIND OUT, YOU LET ME KNOW.

THE NEXT MORNING, UPSTATE NEW YORK.
MOVIN' RIGHT IN, ARE WE? THINK WE OWN THE PLACE? WELL, I GOT A LITTLE EVICTION NOTICE FOR YOU, BOYS.
JUST WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
ZAP 'EM
SSSS
TAKIN' CARE OF YOUR PEST PROBLEM.
PEST PROBLEM? PEST!?
YEAH. YOU GOT A HECK OF AN INFESTATION.
I HAVE NOTICED AN INFESTATION. EVERYWHERE I LOOK, IN FACT. NOTHING BUT UNDEVELOPED, BARELY CONSCIOUS POND SCUM.
WELL--YEAH. DON'T YOU WANT TO GET RID OF 'EM?
IN THE WORST WAY!
NO!
NAARRGGH!


MEANWHILE, AT MIB HEADQUARTERS.
YOU GOT SOME NEXT LEVEL STUFF GOING DOWN HERE. I AM DEFINITELY IN!

SPECIES, PURPOSE OF TRIP, AND DURATION OF STAY, PLEASE.
ARQUILLIAN, DIPLOMATIC MISSION, LUNCH.
ANY FRUIT TO DECLARE?
WEEKLY WORLD NE
ELVIS

TIME TO PUT IT ON.
PUT WHAT ON?
THE LAST SUIT YOU'LL EVER WEAR.
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH
STATE OF NEW YORK
JAMES EDWARDS
DELETING
"YOU'LL CONFORM TO THE IDENTITY WE GIVE YOU, LIVE AND EAT WHERE WE TELL YOU, GET APPROVAL FOR ANY EXPENDITURE OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS.
"YOU WILL HAVE NO IDENTIFYING MARKS OF ANY KIND. YOU WILL NOT STAND OUT IN ANY WAY.
EEEYOW!
"YOUR ENTIRE IMAGE IS CAREFULLY CRAFTED TO LEAVE NO LASTING MEMORY WHATSOEVER WITH ANYONE YOU ENCOUNTER.
DELETING
NYPD
JAMES EDWARDS
"YOU ARE NO LONGER PART OF "THE SYSTEM." WE'RE ABOVE THE SYSTEM. OVER IT. BEYOND IT. WE'RE "THEM." WE'RE "THEY."
"WE ARE THE MEN IN BLACK."
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME? I MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD!


ISN'T THERE SOME SORT OF EXTENSIVE TRAINING PROCEDURE I HAVE TO GO THROUGH?
YEAH. IT'S CALLED "STICK WITH ME."
WE GOTTA TALK ABOUT THIS. WE HAVE UNLIMITED TECHNOLOGY FROM THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE AND WE CRUISE AROUND IN A FORD LTD?
RULE NUMBER ONE IN OUR LINE OF WORK--NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS.
KAY, WE HAD AN UNAUTHORIZED LANDING SOMEWHERE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK FARM COUNTRY. CHECK IT OUT. WE'RE NOT HOSTING A GALACTIC KEGGER DOWN HERE.
AM
FM
WILL DO, ZED.

LOG US IN, JAY. CHECK OUT THE HOT SHEETS.
THE INQUISITOR? THE DAILY SCOOP? THESE ARE THE HOT SHEETS?
DAILY SCOOP
BIGFOOT TOOK MY WIFE
ALIEN LOVE CHILD
YOU GET YOUR NEWS FROM SUPERMARKET TABLOIDS?
BEST INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING ON THE PLANET. BUT HEY, GO AHEAD, READ THE NEW YORK TIMES IF YOU WANT. THEY GET LUCKY SOMETIMES.
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
MIDNIGHT ECLIPSE
ALIENS STOLE MY HUSBAND'S SKIN!

SOON.
NOT SO FAST, SCOOTER. WALK UP SLOW. MAKES IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE SIZING UP THE SITUATION. GIVES 'EM TIME TO GET THE WRONG IMPRESSION. MAKES THINGS GO SMOOTHER.
HOW DO YOU DO, MA'AM, I'M SPECIAL AGENT MANHEIM, THIS IS AGENT BLACK, FBI. WE HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR VISITOR.
ARE YOU HERE TO MAKE FUN OF ME TOO?
NO MA'AM. WE AT THE FBI DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR THAT WE'RE AWARE OF.
FBI
WELL, WHATEVER THAT THING WAS, IT WASN'T EDGAR. MORE LIKE SOMETHING THAT WAS WEARING HIM LIKE A SUIT. AND HE ASKED FOR SUGAR WATER.
SUGAR WATER?
RAY BANS.
FASH!
BEATRICE, THERE WAS NO ALIEN, AND NO UFO. SWAMP GAS FROM A WEATHER BALLOON WAS TRAPPED IN A THERMAL POCKET AND REFRACTED THE LIGHT FROM VENUS.
WHOA! THAT GADGET LETS YOU GIVE HER A NEW MEMORY? AND THAT LAME STORY IS THE BEST YOU CAN COME UP WITH!?
AND, BEATRICE, EDGAR RAN OFF WITH ON OLD GIRLFRIEND. GO STAY AT YOUR MOTHER'S FOR A FEW DAYS AND GET OVER IT.
AND YOU'RE BETTER OFF 'CAUSE HE NEVER APPRECIATED YOU ANYWAY. IN FACT, YOU KICKED HIM OUT!

MOMENTS LATER...
HEY, KAY ... WHEN AM I GONNA GET ONE OF THOSE MEMORY THINGS?
WHEN YOU'RE READY.
NOT THAT.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT ALIEN LIFE FORM LEAVES A GREEN SPECTRAL TRAIL?
WAIT--DON'T TELL ME--THAT WAS THE QUESTION ON FINAL JEOPARDY LAST NIGHT.
ZED, WE HAVE A BUG.
I'M GONNA JUMP WAY PAST YOU AND JUST GUESS THAT THIS IS REAL BAD. RIGHT?
BUGS THRIVE ON CARNAGE, TIGER. THEY CONSUME, INFEST AND DESTROY. THEY LIVE OFF THE DEATH AND DECAY OF OTHER SPECIES.
WHAT DO WE DO?
WITH A BUG IN TOWN? WATCH THE MORGUES.

TODAY'S SPECIAL
$5.95
MEANWHILE...
AND TO THINK THAT AFTER SO LONG, WE SHOULD COME TOGETHER ON A TINY DUNG HEAP LIKE THIS.
EARTH? IT'S NOT SO BAD, ONCE YOU GET USED TO THE SMELL.
ALL RIGHT. WHERE IS IT?
PLEASE. YOU'VE WAITED THIS LONG, AT LEAST LET ME EAT.
A TOAST, THEN. TO THE RETURN OF THE THIRD GALAXY TO ARQUILLIAN RULE.
NOT SO FAST!
YOU CAN KILL US BOTH-- BUT IT WILL NOT STOP THE PEACE.
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.
SLASH
OH, MY GOD!
ARRRRR!
HSSSS!

CITY MORGUE, HOURS LATER...
...APPROXIMATELY 112 DEGREES AT TIME OF AUTOPSY INDICATING A POSTMORTEM INCREASE IN BODY TEMPERATURE. WHICH CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS...
WEIRD?
DR. LEO MENVILLE, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH. THIS IS DR. WHITE.
YOU GUYS ARE UP LATE. MUST NOT HAVE MUCH OF A HOME LIFE.
WE WATCH THE MORGUES VERY CAREFULLY. YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING UNUSUAL?
I'D SAY SO-- TRIPLE HOMICIDE. THE FIRST CORPSE WAS PERFECTLY NORMAL, EXCEPT THAT HE WAS BROKEN IN HALF. BUT WHEN I OPENED UP THE OTHER TWO--
THERE'S A SKELETAL STRUCTURE AT WORK HERE UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN.
I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THIS ONE, DR. WHITE, WHY DON'T YOU AND DR. WEAVER CHECK OUT THE OTHER BODY?
THIS ONE'S EVEN STRANGER. I DID A FULL LAPAROTOMY. OH, WATCH OUT FOR THE CAT. CAME IN WITH THE BODIES.
YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I REALLY THINK? THIS BODY IS NOT REALLY A BODY, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY SOME SORT OF TRANSPORT UNIT. THE QUESTION IS: WHAT?
WHAT IS THAT?

FAR-- FREAKING-- OUT.
TO PREVENT ... WAR ... GALAXY ON ORION'S ... WHAT IS WORD? BE ... ? BELT?
"TO PREVENT WAR, THE GALAXY IS ON ORION'S BELT?" WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

HEY! KAY! I MEAN, DOCTOR, UH, WHATEVER, COME HERE!
"DOCTOR WHATEVER?" YOU'RE NOT WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH, ARE YOU?
ROSENBERG. GOOD MAN. ONE OF THE FEW I ACTUALLY LIKED. EXILED HIGH PRINCE.
I WAS RIGHT-- THIS IS AN ALIEN LIFE FORM, AND YOU'RE FROM SOME GOVERNMENT AGENCY WHO WANTS TO KEEP IT UNDER WRAPS...
BEFORE HE DIED, HE SAID "TO PREVENT WAR, THE GALAXY IS ON ORION'S BELT."
THIS MAKE'S TOTAL SENSE. HOW ELSE DO YOU EXPLAIN N.Y. THE OTHER NIGHT I'M IN A CAB, THIS GUY...
HE SAID THERE'S A GALAXY ON ORION'S BELT? THAT MAKES NO SENSE.
FASH!
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. YOU COULD ASK HER IF YOU HADN'T DONE THE FLASHY THING ALREADY.
OH, RIGHT. TYPICAL DAY, LAUREL. TOO MUCH CAFFEINE, GET A LIFE.
THAT THING PROBABLY GIVES YOU BRAIN CANCER!
NEVER HURT HER BEFORE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO MAKE YOU SUCH A CALLOUS SON OF A GUN?
I TOOK THIS JOB.

DOESN'T ANYBODY BELIEVE IN SLEEP AROUND HERE?
THE TWINS KEEP US ON CENTAURIAN TIME--A 37 HOUR DAY. GIVE IT A FEW MONTHS. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT. OR YOU'LL HAVE A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE.
PRETTY LADY ... HEY, YOU AND HER? GRUMPY GUY'S STORY COMES INTO FOCUS! SHE EVER GET MARRIED?
NO.
SUBJECT · ELIZABETH ANN RESTON
553 FAIRFIELD
TEMPE · PIZ.
WELL, IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE--
SUBJE
LOST
CLICK!
TRY IT.
KAY. TWELVE JUMPS IN THE LAST HOUR.
ALL THE LANDED ALIENS. THEY'RE LEAVING.
THEY KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T KNOW?
WE'VE GOT A DEAD ARQUILLIAN PRINCE. AND THAT'S AN ARQUILLIAN BATTLE CRUISER MOVING INTO ORBIT!
YIN, YANG -- TRANSLATE THAT AND STEP ON IT! KAY, YOU AND JAY GET DOWN TO ROSENBERG'S STORE AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN TURN UP. TAKE A LOT OF FIRE POWER.
MESSAGE COMING IN.
THEY SOUND UPSET.
LEVEL 4

CRASH!
ZAP
CLOSED
URRRR! WHERE IS IT! WHERE IS IT!
A-1 TOWING
WHAT TH--
THAT'S MY TRUCK!
AND MAKE SURE YOU TELL THEM THAT AT THE IMPOUND.
YOU JUST HANG ONTO THAT NOISY CRICKET, JUNIOR. LEAVE THE BIG GUNS FOR THE BIG DOGS.
WHO BREAKS INTO A JEWELRY STORE AND LEAVES ALL THESE JEWELS?
UNLESS THAT'S NOT WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR.

WE'RE OUT!!
GET DOWN!
THE BUG! THE UGLY REDNECK! THAT'S HIM!
OKAY ...
FA-WEEEEENG!
YOU BETTER RUN!
WHAT'RE YOU DOING!? I MIGHTA CAUGHT HIM!
WE DO NOT ENGAGE IN SHOOTOUTS IN MIDTOWN TRAFFIC!
THERE'S A BATTLE CRUISER ...
THERE'S ALWAYS A BATTLE CRUISER... OR A METEOR, OR A VIRUS--AND THE ONLY THING THAT LETS PEOPLE GET ON WITH THEIR HOPEFUL LITTLE LIVES IS THAT THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT!
DON'T WORRY. THAT BUG'S NOT LEAVING TOWN. WE'VE GOT HIS SHIP.

XXX
7785
NEWS
NOW WE'VE GOT A BALTIAN SHIP MOVING IN. WE NEED ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT IN GALACTIC POLITICS.
OH, MAN, OF COURSE! THIS GUY'S GOT TO BE AN ALIEN. THAT'S THE WORST UNDERCOVER DISGUISE I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE.
TIME
NEWS

OH, I KNOW, I KNOW! IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO ON A LIMITED BUDGET.

WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE, FRANK? WHY HAVEN'T YOU LEFT THE PLANET LIKE EVERYONE ELSE? I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BE POLITE, FRANK!
THERE WAS A SUMMIT MEETING IN MANHATTAN. THE BALTIANS AGREED TO DELIVER THE THIRD GALAXY TO THE ARQUILLIANS, TO END THE WAR BETWEEN THEM. BUT THE BUG MADE SURE THE TURNOVER NEVER TOOK PLACE.

GRACIOUS!
THE DOG, UH--OWES HIM A FAVOR.

DELIVER THE GALAXY? HOW DO YOU DELIVER SOMETHING THAT'S WAY THE HELL OUT ON ORION'S BELT?
YEAH, WITH BILLIONS OF STARS AND PLANETS AND STUFF? A GALAXY?

WHAT? THE THIRD GALAXY IS HERE. TRUST ME, YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ABOUT THIS BIG.
I ♥ NY

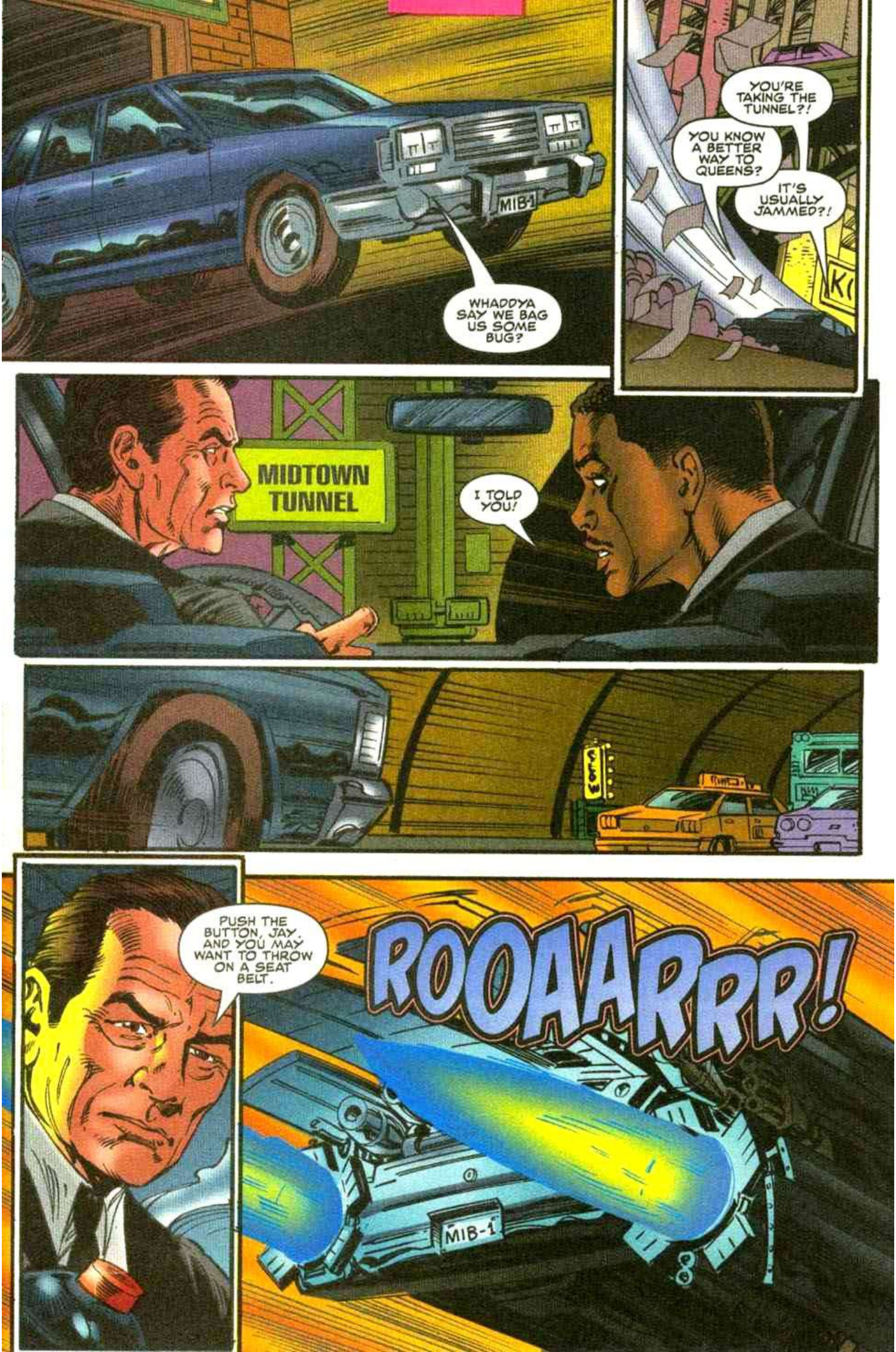
"ORION." THAT'S A PRETTY NAME. AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL JEWEL.
OH, MY...

I'LL HANDLE THIS ONE, YOU WAIT OUTSIDE.
WHAT THE HELL FOR?
CITY MORG
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WALK IN AND GET A CAT! IF YOU GO IN, YOU'RE GONNA FLASH YOUR BRAIN RAY IN LAUREL'S FACE AND SHE'S GONNA END UP WITH CANCER!
TWO MINUTES!
RIGHT, WELL, THE CAT IS, UH THE CAT'S A WITNESS IN A MURDER CASE AND I'M GOING TO NEED TO TAKE IT WITH ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE CAT IS AT THE MOMENT. MAYBE YOU COULD TAKE ME WITH YOU INSTEAD.
YOU DO START WITH THE QUICKNESS, DON'T YOU?
I'D REALLY LIKE TO GO WITH YOU. NOW. I HAVE SOMETHING I NEED TO SHOW YOU.
WHAT?
I SAID, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
UH, HI. SERGEANT FRIDAY, TWENTY-SIXTH PRECINCT. THEY BROUGHT A CAT IN HERE WITH A CORPSE THE OTHER DAY. MIGHT HAVE SAID "ORION" ON THE CAT'S NAME TAG?
YES. THAT'S RIGHT.

YOUR TWO MINUTES ARE UP, SPORT!
COROT
P
AAARRR! YOU AGAIN!
FREEZE IT, BUG!!
MAN, YOU ARE THICK! WHAT DID I HAVE TO DO, SING IT FOR YOU?!
MAYBE IF YOU DIDN'T COME ON LIKE A DRUNKEN PROM DATE!
OH, THAT'S SO TYPICAL, ANY TIME A WOMAN SHOWS THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF INDEPENDENCE, MEN JUST--
EVERYBODY SHUT UP!
LET HER GO, BUG.

LISTEN, MONKEY BOY, I MAY HAVE TO TAKE THAT KIND OF TALK IN MY END OF THE UNIVERSE, BUT COMPARED TO YOU HUMANS, I'M THE TOP RUNG ON THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER, SO CAN IT!!
YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY HEART. MOVE SIX INCHES TO YOUR LEFT AND I'LL SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.
RAWR!
FSSSTT!
GROSS!
FUMP!
KRASH!
GOODBYE!
NOT GOOD!

MIB HQ, MINUTES LATER.
THE BUG'S NOT GETTING OFF THE PLANET IN A CAB. WE'LL INITIATE A BIO-NET AT ALL TUNNELS, BRIDGES AND TOLL BOOTHS; IF IT'S NOT HUMAN, IT'S NOT LEAVING THE ISLAND.
OUR FRIENDS UPSTAIRS, BOTH SIDES, KEEP REPEATING THE SAME MESSAGE: "DELIVER THE GALAXY."
WELL, THE BUG'S GOT THE GALAXY, BUT WE'VE GOT HIS SHIP. PULL UP THE LOCATIONS OF ALL LAND-BASED INTERSTELLAR VEHICLES.
ALREADY DID. FRANK THE PUG TOOK THE LAST SHIP ON THE PLANET. ATLANTIC CITY, EPCOT, HARTFORD. ALL GONE.
ZERO ACCESS
HEY. OLD GUYS. DO THOSE STILL WORK?
GET ON IT!


MIB-1
WHADDYA SAY WE BAG US SOME BUG?
YOU'RE TAKING THE TUNNEL?!
YOU KNOW A BETTER WAY TO QUEENS?
IT'S USUALLY JAMMED?!
MIDTOWN TUNNEL
I TOLD YOU!
PUSH THE BUTTON, JAY. AND YOU MAY WANT TO THROW ON A SEAT BELT.
ROOAARRR!
MIB-1

FINKEL
MEATS
EEEYAAAHHH!
THUNK!

MEANWHILE...
COME ON, LET ME GO. I'M A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON ON MY PLANET. THERE ARE THOSE WHO WORSHIP ME, YES. IT COULD START A WAR.
GOOD. WAR MEANS FOOD FOR MY FAMILY, ALL SEVENTY-EIGHT MILLION OF THEM. THAT'S A LOT OF MOUTHS TO FEED, YOUR HIGHNESS.
WHACK!
YOU'RE A WONDERFUL DAD.
AAARRR-- YOU HUMAN!
EEEEEE!
WHEW!
HMPH!

BELOW.
YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK THESE THINGS?
CHA-CHUCK!
NO IDEA WHATSOEVER.
UUUMMMM!

ON THREE. ONE ... TWO ...
ZZZAAAT!
THREE!
SKRAKKABADOOM!
AW, GEEZ!

WHAM!
BAOOWWOOWWOWW
OOOOMMMMM!
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR VIOLATING SECTION 4-1-53 OF TYCHO TREATY. PLEASE HAND OVER ANY GALAXY YOU MIGHT BE CARRYING.
YOU DON'T GET IT. I'VE WON. IT'S OVER.
MOVE AWAY FROM YOUR VEHICLE AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.
PUT MY HANDS ON MY HEAD?

YOU MEAN...

... LIKE THIS.

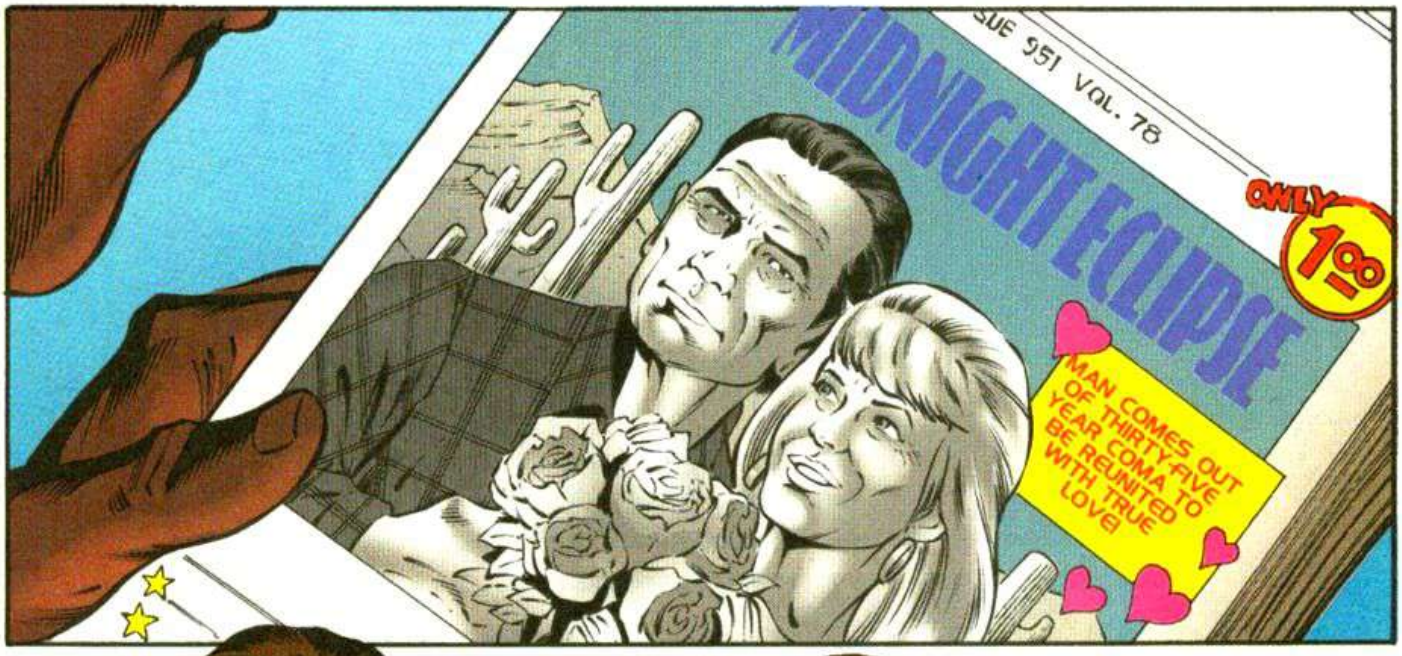
SPAT!
YOW!
YOU BUG! THAT'S MY GUN!
SLURP!
WHACK!
THAT DID NOT GO AT ALL LIKE I PLANNED.
WHATEVER HAPPENS JAY, DON'T LET HIM GET ON THAT SHIP. I'M GONNA GET MY GUN BACK.
HEY, BUG!

I'M TALKING TO YOU, BUG! YOU KNOW HOW MANY OF YOUR KIND I'VE SWATTED WITH A NEWSPAPER? EAT ME!
ALL RIGHT!
GULP!
OH, MAN. I AM OUT OF MY LEAGUE...
HEEEYAAAHHH!
NAH! NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT... COULD THEY?

HEY!
CHUNK!
YOU STOP OR I'LL START WAILING ON YOUR WAXY, POINTED BEHIND!
YOW! WHAT ARE YOU, AFRAID OF ME? COME ON! STAND AND FIGHT!
CHOMP!
THWACK!
DON'T DO THAT!
LOOKIE HERE! THAT WAS YOUR MOMMA!
CRUNCH!
DIDN'T SHE EVER TEACH YOU NOT TO BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW?
HEY, BUG! YOU'RE MESSING WITH THE WRONG SPECIES.

BA-LAM!
KAY! YOU GOT HIM! KAY!? SPEAK TO ME, MAN!
YOU SON OF A--
GET A MESSAGE TO THE ARQUILLIANS. WE HAVE THE GALAXY.
GETTING EATEN!? THAT WAS YOUR PLAN!?
WORKED.

GUYS, WE'RE NOWHERE NEAR MY APARTMENT. WE'RE NOT EVEN ON THE RIGHT ISLAND.
THIS WAS MY LAST MISSION. I NEED TIME TO LOOK AT THE SKY AND JUST SEE THE STARS.
I CAN'T DO THIS JOB ALONE.
MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO.
HOURS. DAYS. YEARS. ALWAYS FACE IT FORWARDS.
KAY ...
SEE YOU AROUND, SPORT.
FASH!


ISSUE 951 VOL. 78
MIDNIGHT ECLIPSE
ONLY 1.00
MAN COMES OUT OF THIRTY-FIVE YEAR COMA TO BE REUNITED WITH TRUE LOVE!

READY, JAY.
OH YEAH, ELLE. LET'S ROLL.
NEWS
TO BE CONTINUED IN
MEN IN BLACK
RETRIBUTION!

FINAL FANTASY VII
神羅
ONLY ON PLAYSTATION
DON'T BE THE LAST ONE TO GET IT.
(RESERVE NOW AT PARTICIPATING RETAILERS)
PlayStation
SQUARESOFT
RP